



THE
LATIN SCHOOL
REGISTER



ALUMNI NUMBER
FEBRUARY, 1916

VOL. XXXV.

No. 5



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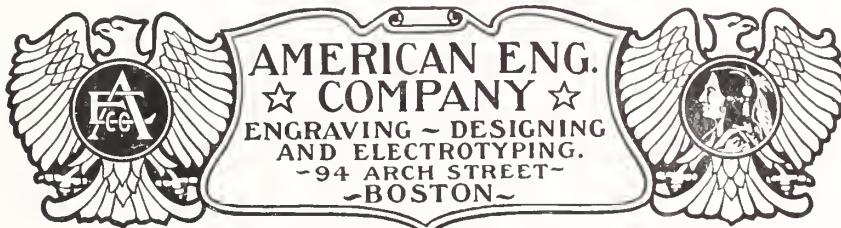
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1916

The Latin School Register

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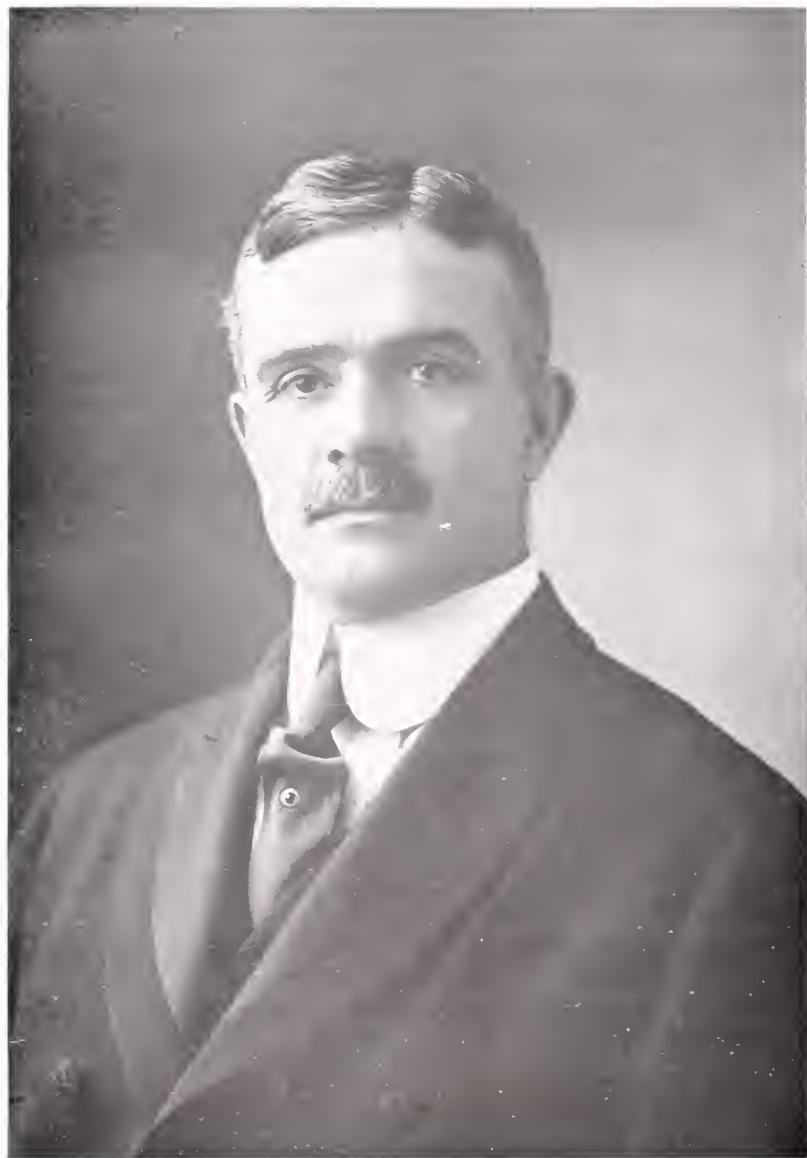
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Latin School Register

VOLUME XXXV. No. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1916.

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EDITORIAL.

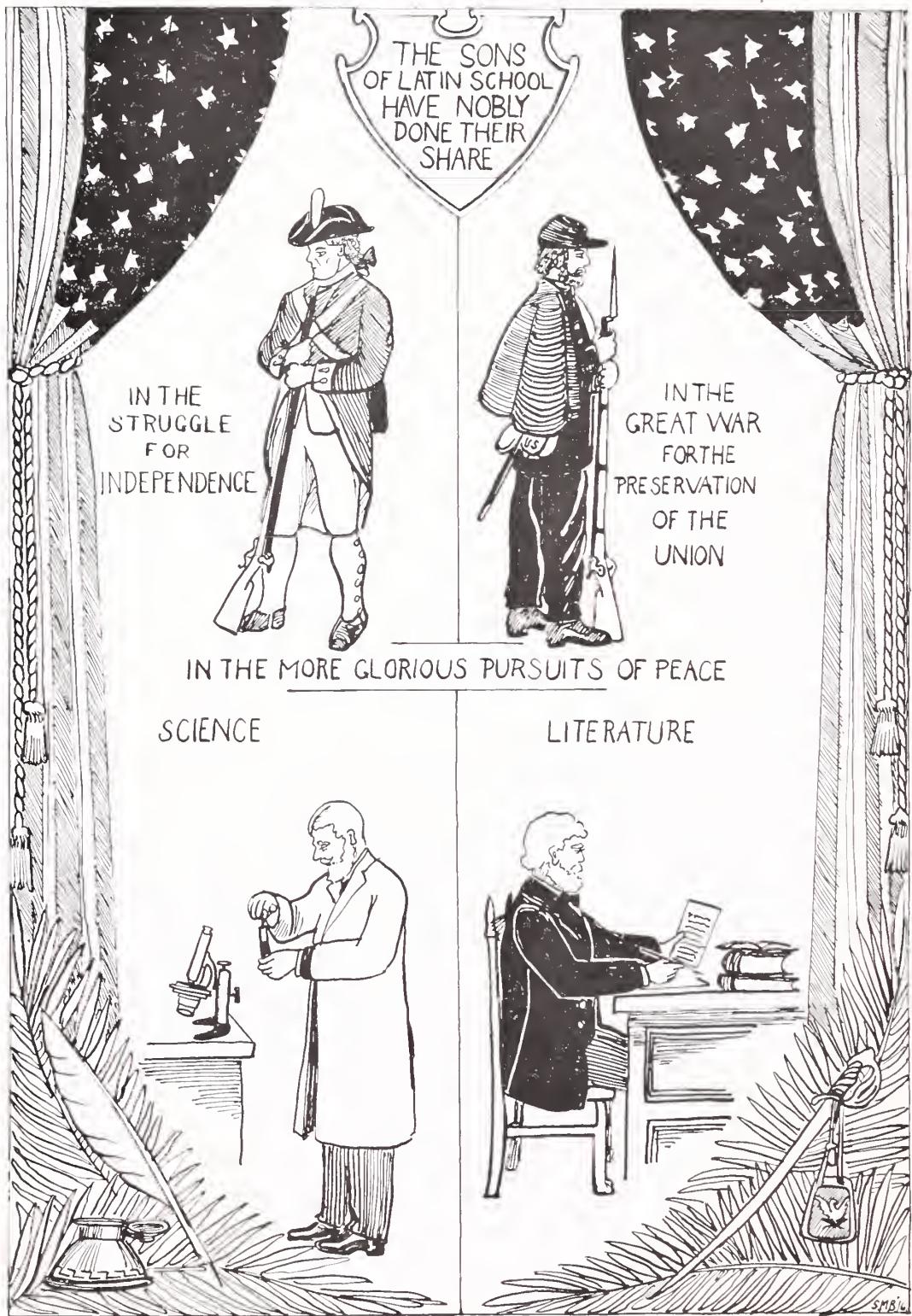
When the first *Alumni Number* appeared, just two years ago to-day, it established a new standard in high-school journalism. For a paper with a subscription list that was indeed small as compared with those of certain other contemporary school publications, to have produced a number of the excellence of that first issue was indeed a triumph of which the school has reason to be proud. The *Alumni Number*, on its very first appearance, succeeded with a vengeance, and, as subsequent events have shown, this first issue was but the precursor of several *Alumni Numbers*.

Surely the reason for the success of these *Alumni* issues is not hard to find. In a school with a history like ours,—in a school with the traditions of heroic deeds in the days of the Civil War, the Revolution, and even in pre-Revolutionary days that ours possesses, is it not rea-

sonable to suppose that the most successful number should be one which had to do with the men who have made the history and formed the traditions of which we are so proud?

Who of those who have ever had the good fortune to attend this school, has never felt a thrill of pride whenever the history of his school has been discussed? Who of us, even as far back as those ancient days in which he was an unsophisticated, trembling freshman here, has never thrust forward whatever semblance of a chest he might have possessed and proudly informed his admiring parents and envious friends that *he was a student at the oldest school in the country, if you please?*

Truly, we are indeed fortunate in having those glorious memories of still more glorious days of the past from which we may draw life-giving inspiration for the future. When we can con-



jure up in our mind's eye a picture of that ancient headmaster, old Ezekiel Cheever, supposed to have been a pupil of the one and only *John Milton*, as he sat, stern and forbidding, in his uncomfortable straight-backed chair and expounded to his befuddled pupils the reasons why Caesar used the subjunctive here and a pluperfect tense there; when we can imagine the scene between the Latin School boys of 1776 and General Haldimand, when the famous controversy regarding the boys' slide was threshed out; when we can picture the boys of 1776 and 1861 marching by the gates of the school on their way to give to their country the lives that Latin School boys of an earlier era had brought into being, have we not a right to hold our heads high in pardonable pride and rejoice in the glory of our foster-brothers of the days gone by?

Surely we may rejoice in the glories of those old days; but may we not also take pride in the achievements of the Latin School men of the *present* day? Look about you: Where you will find a great man, you will find, in so many instances, a Latin School man! In the field of education, we find President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, and a numberless host of others. In the fields of literature you will find Judge Robert Grant, the well-known novelist; and so we might go on forever.

The *Register* is indeed fortunate in having as contributors to this number men who are as distinguished in their respective fields of endeavor as are any men we could call to mind at this moment.

In the field of education, we have Professor Seaver and Dr. Sears, and surely two more capable men engaged in the task of educating the youth of the country to lives of usefulness could

not be discovered.

Furthermore, representing those men whose business it is to develop the physical welfare of the young man we have Mr. Walter B. Elcock, who, as coach of the very successful Washington and Lee football team, needs no introduction to the great majority of our readers.

Probably no other institution plays as great a part in the work of developing the character of growing boys as do the great daily papers, and in the field of *journalism* we have an especially distinguished representative,—Mr. George B. Ryan, of the *Herald*.

Now, let us suppose that the boys of this school, trained mentally and spiritually by efficient educational institutions and progressive journalism, have gone out into the world. They take part in the life of the city, the state, and the country,—and thus do we get the fourth great field of endeavor,—*public life*. Surely we should have to go far afield to discover a representative more distinguished than Mr. Arthur H. Woods, of New York Police Commissioners.

In addition, in accordance with the custom that was instituted in the first *Alumni Number*, we have a contribution from a teacher in this school who is also an alumnus,—in this case Mr. Joseph L. Powers, of Room 6, who made the admirable illustrations to our “new edition” of the *Anabasis*, an extract from which appears in this number. Mr. Rich, the Head of the Department of Greek, kindly assisted Mr. Power by preparing the copy for this wonderful new text-book.

This is the 1916 *Alumni Number*. We offer it to our readers as being the representation of an ideal, the essence of which is *service*,—service to school, to city, state, country, and to one's fellow men.

TWO MEN: TWO WAYS.

BY DR. EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

(Dr. Sears is at the head of the Mary Institute, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. He is the author of many books, one of which, "The Son of the Prefect," Dr. Sears very kindly sent to us along with the following article. The book of which we speak is a delightful piece of historical writing, and is only indicative of Dr. Sears' extraordinary versatility in all the fields of educational work. Dr. Sears is B. L. S. 1876. —Ed.)

In the fall of 1866 a country boy entered the Boston Latin School to fit for Harvard College. He lived less than fifteen miles from Boston. The town in which he had his home supported a high school, but the school was utterly unequal to the task of college preparation. And here it may be worth while to note that this town, which then spent six thousand dollars a year on its schools, now spends thirty-five thousand, and that its high school has an efficient teaching force of college graduates and sends well trained boys to Harvard and well trained girls to Radcliffe, Smith or Wellesley. Thus do we grow by leaps and bounds away from the oldtime frugality and simplicity.

The boy that went from this loose unscientific training of a country town to the vigorous curriculum of the Boston Latin School was the writer of this article. Sharp were the contrasts that stared at me. I was put in the out of course division of the fourth class. I sat in the principal's room in the old Bedford Street building, and the principal was Dr. Gardner.

Of course he was not my own teacher.

At one end of the long fourth story room sat the seniors who at that time received all their instruction from the principal, or head master, himself. Two out of course divisions, those of the fifth and the fourth classes, had their desks in this room and were under the charge of a teacher who had his desk on the platform along side of Dr. Gardner's. He was a thorough and competent teacher. He made us know what work really was. But one needs not to say that the dominant figure in the room was that of the tall, grim, gaunt head master.

Well do I remember the first strong impression I got of him. The morning my father took me to the school Dr. Gardner simply said a civil word or two to me and turned me over to the other teacher. But the next morning, as I was talking with two or three boys before the bell rang (in those days a big old fashioned bell was rung from a window of this upper hall as a general signal), one of our group chanced to jostle against a step ladder on which Dr. Gardner was standing to hang a picture.

"Do you want your ears cuffed?"

was the stern and threatening query, and we were all instantly covered.

The scene was typical. Dr. Gardner's methods were rough. He inspired an awe that easily passed into fear. Once in a great while he was roused to anger, an anger that was nothing short of rage, and then no boy liked to confront him. His rule was the rule of fear and it must be admitted that it injured some sensitive boys. They shrank from him and disliked him. He was also disliked by a few mischievous and unruly youths who objected to his summary and uncompromising methods of dealing with offenders of this sort.

None the less I believe his influence on boys was a thoroughly wholesome one. The very fear they had of him was wholesome. It was strong enough to cause absolute obedience; it was not strong enough to repress natural instincts and activities. For this austere and lonely man was very human. He was kind at heart; he loved fair play. If he exacted an implicit and instant submission to authority, it was because he believed it the necessary habit of mind for every boy to acquire. Nor was he unwilling on occasions to show why authority should be obeyed. One morning during my first year of attendance the usual routine was abandoned. The desks in the upper hall, all on movable platforms, were drawn aside. Settees were brought in by the janitors. The whole three hundred boys and all the masters were assembled. Then the leading scholar of the senior class was summons to the platform. He had been disobedient, yet not flagrantly so. He was a rarely high-minded and conscientious fellow. His case was peculiar and needed to be

brought before the entire school. In no unkind but in a very searching manner Dr. Gardner questioned him and made him admit his fault. Thus, in a way not soon to be forgotten, every boy present got an object lesson in obedience.

Beneath the stern exterior was a grim humor that was sometimes brought to play in enforcing authority. If a boy stood with his feet apart in the military drill, the head master's big faded cotton umbrella would be thrown in between his heels. A foolish question would call forth a genial sarcasm, that would make the questioner ashamed. Always were boys encouraged to be manly and independent to fight their own battles and to tell no tales. Most of them felt the molding power of this rugged independent character. Sometimes they saw its unbending quality manifested in their behalf. Opposite the Bedford Street school was a church. One day a fashionable wedding took place there just at noon. It was recess. The boys crowded to the iron gate and stared across the way. This was accounted an impertinence. A solemn policeman marched up the three flights of stairs, stood at Dr. Gardner's desk and demanded that the boys should be dispersed. With a grim smile Dr. Gardner glanced up at the officer and said.

"A cat may look at a king, I suppose. If the boys do nothing but stare, let them stare as much as they please."

Naturally we saw this kindly human quality most when we were daily under the head master's eye during the senior year. That year I remember with pleasure and satisfaction. I found that this dreaded personage could be gracious and even long suffering.

With the most mischievous boy in the class Dr. Gardner had much sympathy. The lad's father was not living; his mother was too indulgent; he needed a strong guiding hand. His faults were therefore most leniently judged. Never through all the year was a rough or harsh word said to him. And the occasions were most rare when any one of us was severely handled. Our honor was trusted. Our petty offences were rebuked in a kindly way that made us realize our growing maturity and the responsibilities it brought. Taught to use our own brains and solve our own problems, we yet found that aid was not ungrudgingly given if not too freely asked. There is a passage in the *Anabasis* that relates how Xenophon had to get up in the night without waiting to don his outer garment. Something in the Greek puzzled me. I took the text to Dr. Gardner who happened to be walking about the room. He stopped, gave me a kindly look, placed his hand on my shoulder as he leaned forward to see the Greek and said: "Then Xenophon got up in his shirtsleeves," and so on.

Very friendly, very ready to talk with us about the things on our minds, very willing and able to give us sage counsel, we found this rigid disciplinarian as we met him day after day. When the year came to an end, we were sorry to part with him, sorry to leave the school. It had helped us to lay chief the foundations of learning and of character. He was its master mind. What we had got, we had really got from him. I think our feeling toward him was really one of affection. It was however in no case a personal tie. That no boy

was even known to establish with this rugged and solitary being. He was friendly to us all. He cared individually for none. Most of us, I am sure, were soon forgotten.

Nearly all of my class entered Harvard. We entered without difficulty so thorough was the training we had had. I have a distinct recollection of really enjoying the examinations in Greek and Latin Prose Composition. They were so easy that I did not know how to make a mistake. And so was the required Greek and Latin of our Freshman year easy, and for the most part interesting. It was pleasant to see the deeper and the human side of ancient authors. William Everett made the hour with Horace entertaining. Professor Palmer, whom it was our good fortune to have in Greek and later in Logic and Metaphysics, was a grand interpreter of Aristophanes. Always was it a joy to meet that finished scholar and prince of gentlemen, Arthur Irving Fiske.

It was in 1870 that I entered Harvard. In those far off days there was no organized or systematic effort to bring students and faculty together. If a friendly relation was established, it was usually because of an instructor's exceptional urbanity or some student's ability to cast off the mantle of shyness and reserve. But this goodfellowship was steadily promoted by Mr. Fiske. He was more than urbane. He was deeply and genuinely friendly. He invited us to come to his room if we encountered difficulties not easily mastered. If we went, he was not content with untangling the knotty Greek that bothered us. He would ask us to remain for a pleasant social hour. Without ever intruding himself

upon us, he made us feel that his time was our own.

Accordingly we counted it a loss to Harvard and a gain for the time honored Latin School when he went there to teach Greek in the fall of 1873. That he would be successful in dealing with boys we could not doubt. How great a success he would achieve, we did not foresee.

For his success was rare. It was really a supreme success. I think his boys almost without exception—and how many of them he taught in his long years of service!—held him in reverent regard. Unbounded was his influence over his scholars, and the secret of it was easily grasped. The famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby said it was impossible that any of his boys could lie. Consequently no one of them ever did lie. Arthur Irving Fiske assumed that every boy was a gentlemen. Every boy therefore felt called upon to be a gentleman. If he did not feel the call himself, his classmates made him feel it. They would tolerate no misbehavior toward this man of never-failing courtesy and never-wavering trust.

A wonderful work it was, therefore, that he did in the old historic school. He made all the boys he met grow toward the dignity of the gentleman. They could not come into the sphere of his presence with being made better and more human. They could not sit in his classes without getting, even though in greatly varying degrees, the habit of the scholar. For he was a very exacting teacher. He liked to show the inspiring humanizing side of the authors that were studied, but he made it clear that an absolute mastery of the structural side of the Greek language was the indispensable

step toward this appreciation. His pupils have told me interesting stories of the rigidity with which he insisted on perfection and the help it was to them to be held to such a standard.

The time came for Mr. Fiske to be promoted to the head-mastership. The promotion was eminently fitting and never more fully deserved. He filled the post with entire dignity and efficiency. His fine qualities and his admirable leadership were recognized by teachers, pupils and by the public; and there was deep regret when he retired. But for his rare modesty and generosity of spirit this feeling would have been manifested in some notable public manner. But any such manifestation he forbade. He said it would detract from the laurels of a Latin School master who was retiring at the age of eighty-five after considerably more than half a century of devoted service. This gentleman, rather than himself, so he (Fiske) quietly asserted, deserved to be the recognized figure at this particular period in the school's long history.

That he will always have a conspicuous place in the annals of this old historic institution, there can be no doubt. Like Francis Gardner he was one of its great headmasters. The two men were extremely unlike. Each followed his own bent, lived his own life, and did his duties in his own way. And very foolish would it be to say which was the better way. No doubt all those who were under Mr. Fiske and who benefitted by his unsurpassed power of winning the sympathies of boys and drawing out all that was best in them, would say he was the ideal head for a great boy's school. And this sentiment, not merely from the experience of others but from

personal knowledge of the man, I heartily share. And yet, as I look back on my own school days, I have a feeling little short of veneration for that gaunt, austere but deeply human man, whose strong character seemed

like some peak of granite standing all alone and who taught his boys to be self-respecting and manly and to enter life's turbulent warfare with undaunted hearts.

A LETTER FROM PROFESSOR HENRY L. SEAVER.

(Dr. Seaver is Professor of English in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and is therefore well qualified, surely, to act with Dr. Sears as one of our representatives in the fields of education. It may be of interest to our readers to know that Professor Seaver, while he was a student here, was a member of the *Register* staff. Professor Seaver therefore must have found himself awakening old memories, in more senses than one, when he consented once more to be a contributor to the *Register*, just as he was a steady contributor to the paper as far back as '96, when he graduated from this school.—Ed.)

DECEMBER 31, 1915

DEAR MR. MARGET,

I am sorry that some older, distinguished graduate was not available, to say a word about the school from the point of view of a teacher, for I have been in educational work only fifteen years,—a period which may, to you at school age, seem long, but which is little more than an apprenticeship in that profession. Still, I am glad of a chance to say a word to B. L. S. boys, or to older "boys" whom your Alumni Issue may reach; for we used to hold in regard to the school some affectionate and admiring opinions which, we were later told by "outsiders", were superstitions, but which, I am glad of the chance to testify, were true after all.

I recall that some of us in school,—I was among those who did better in modern than in classic studies,—felt we were getting a training too exclusively classical in subject matter; and

many of us elected, in our last year, to substitute for Latin a class in Elementary German, held, as I recall it, at half past eight, under "Jakey" Richardson (the nickname expressing affection and no disrespect), and also under the roof, in a queer amphitheatral room the evening schools used for drawing. You can perhaps hardly understand the surprise with which we learned from Mr. Pennypacker at the last Alumni Dinner that "a boy can now actually start at the bottom and come out at the top,—or the side,—without learning a word of Greek." Now it happened to me as to so many others, that I dropped my classics on entering college and have had no direct professional use for them since; yet I am constantly reminded in every other field of my study and again and again in teaching here at a school of applied science, that, *if only for their own sake*, Greek and Latin and Ancient History were quite worth the consider-

able time we gave to them. The school carried us far enough so that with any sort of vigorous effort our classics could at need be made an invaluable tool for further work, in language studies, or literature or the fine arts, or history or sociology or philosophy. These are to be sure the subjects of a general rather than a professional education,—if for the moment we except the professions of teaching or literature; but they are the subjects most commonly pursued in that general college course which is more and more coming to be demanded as prerequisite for the graduate schools devoted specifically to those professions that attract the ablest young men of to-day: law, medicine, engineering, and business administration. Even here in Technology, which remains still chiefly an undergraduate school of engineering, it is interesting to observe how frequently those men who show the unusual breadth of outlook and interest, who are concerned to become engineers rather than high-class mechanics, who bring to their work some touch of that "scientific humanism" of Bacon which works "for the glory of God and the relief of man's estate,"—how frequently these men prove to be graduates of our public Latin schools.

I wish that it might not be the experience of all the B. L. S. boys, though I fear it is quite probable, to encounter, in their first years of college, teaching so inexperienced and incompetent as to disgust them with the institution which they may come to respect more and love much. The green graduate teaching in elementary college courses makes a pitiful figure in comparison with teachers of the sort we had in the Latin School; and indeed in later college years, with possibly a couple of

exceptions, none of my teachers,—as I can realize,—did so much for me in setting intellectual standards, in forming intellectual habits, in training our wits for the business of life, as did the School teachers. I do not think this was the fault of my college so much as the exceptional efficiency of our school, and a result of the fact that school years are more radically formative of mental habits than the later years which may have the advantage of wider range and greater maturity.

May I make my meaning plainer by speaking a word about three of our teachers, who, though some of them are living, are, unfortunately for B. L. S. undergraduates, "figures of the past"? It would be hard to imagine a truer embodiment of devoted eagerness in teaching than was our instructor in mathematics, Mr. Grenville C. Emery. I think we may have felt a personal nearness to him because our immaturity was in a way equalized by his physical limitation: he was lame, walking always with a crutch, and considerably deaf. I am ashamed to admit that we took gleeful advantage of this defect, but no man could more forgivingly ignore the fact than mean advantage was taken; and it was on an incongruous level of informality,—quite free from the school-boy's usual half-defiant deference to his teacher,—that we met, on a level, "on the level" as we felt it, where he became all things to all men, beseeching and coaxing and luring with the utmost conceivable generosity of helpfulness, if by all means he might save some of us to open our eyes to the beauty of mathematical truth.

Distinctly a different service was that rendered to us by Mr. Groce. (I am quite unaccustomed to the "Doc-

tor" Groce that I hear from B. L. S. boys of yesterday; I am afraid we referred to him less courteously.) I think his chief determination was that we should never deceive ourselves into supposing that we had understood any matter when we really had not; a disillusioning sort of teaching little calculated to make a teacher immediately liked but really making his service, I think, incalculably precious. Since he had a lively sense of humor, we survived, much improved and discomfited, that disconcerting inspection of his,—which even to our own sight "reduced to its pillulous smallness" the extent of our real acquirement—leaving us, too, with very modest doubts as to the trustworthiness of that residuum. I thought of him the other day when I came again on a majestic sentence in Emerson's *Essay on Books*, which may be applied in paraphrase to the experience of a youngster reciting to Mr. Groce: an experience "so medicinal, so revolutionary, so authoritative," that one's failure to meet that test, however inevitable or even excusable, seemed "to accuse his way of living". In my experience only one other teacher, Professor Kittredge of Harvard,—a Roxbury Latin School boy,—did me the same service, of setting for me a standard, unimagined before, of clear, exact understanding.

Of Mr. Fiske it is possible, since he is no longer living, to speak with an appreciation which would in life very much have embarrassed him. Many years of Greek though it were but Choctaw would have been a moderate price to pay for knowing him. What most of all he meant to us was, I think,

an extraordinary combination,—of microscopic thoroughness, to which we also must hold ourselves, as we knew he also would hold us, with imperurbable patience; a quiet industry "of toil unsevered from tranquility, too fine for haste, too high for rivalry"; a courteously good-humored composure in a life which we vaguely knew to be filled with disappointment and even physical suffering; and all these things attained in him without the smallest sacrifice of a large interest in the world and men, and especially in B. L. S. boys.

I cannot help feeling that only in the rarest instance will any young fellow find in college anything comparable with the stimulus of such teachers. Of the professors of my time at Harvard but one man could mean any more, that revered Master of all who know, —and care, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton. I cannot help feeling too that the example of such teachers must have inspired among the younger men now teaching at the School those who will similarly help B. L. S. boys toward the devoted fervor, the undeceivable alertness, and the philosophic composure of the really scholarly mind.

Please let me wish to my schoolmates who are still boys in the school the pleasure,—which I wish to thank the Register for now,—of being able also at some time to say what I have tried to say. And the best of New Years to all those in the school, which knows the years only as continuance of her opportunity to serve.

Very sincerely yours,

H. L. SEAVER, B. L. S. '96.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

FROM A FOOT-BALL COACH'S STANDPOINT.

BY WALTER B. ELCOCK.

(It would be hard to find a more worthy representative in the field of athletics than is Mr. Elcock. If one should take the trouble to walk down the central corridor and glance at the pictures of football teams of the past, he would see more likenesses of Mr. Elcock than any other one athlete in recent years. Mr. Elcock, who graduated from this school in 1907, played for four years on his school team, being captain of the team in 1907. He then entered Dartmouth, and for four years played tackle on the varsity eleven, in his last year being captain. In 1914 Mr. Elcock was selected as coach of the Washington and Lee football team, and he has filled this position very sucessfully for the last two years. Ed.)

The invitation of the Editor to contribute to your alumni number surprised me greatly, and also pleased me greatly. Considering the calibre of the men who contribute to this number, and who have contributed to past numbers, it does not seem that I have any right to be concerned in this issue at all, for men who go in for athletics as much as I have gain only a sort of false prominence at certain times of the year. But I suppose it is hard for the editor to pick a man to write on athletics, for the very good reason that although certain men who have been graduated from Latin School have become identified prominently with athletics, most of them see early the futility of continuing something which is full of disappointments. I am beginning to see this myself, and before many more years hope just to quit quietly.

My own specialty has been football and it is of foot-ball that I want to write, not from the side of the player but from that of the coach. I have

been in the game for a long time, four years before I played with Latin School, four years at Latin School, four years at college, and now four years of coaching, and the last four years have used up more vitality than all the other twelve. I wonder if you boys who are still in Latin School can appreciate the feelings of your coach when he sends his team onto the field for the Thanksgiving Day game. He has worked faithfully, given everything he had in him, taught one man to do this, and another to do that, but when he sends them on to the field he is done—he can't go in and play the game for them. That's the hard part of the game. I wonder if you know how a coach feels when he sits on the side-lines and watches his team go to pieces, and foot-ball teams go to pieces. You know yourselves that certain mighty good teams have gone down in defeat before teams that didn't know as much football, and you didn't know why, all you know is that some thing hap-

pened and they went to pieces. Some times it's a real reason,—injuries for instance. Take my own case this year four long years of coaching waiting for a chance at one of the "big fellows" to try my skill—two straight years trying to impress on the minds of a group of boys that the "big fellows" were the same as the "little fellows,"—and they began to believe it,—everything ready, and the man you're counting on to put into execution the plays you dreamed of for months, and worked on for months, is put into the discard. That's what happened to me. But a man can recover from that; no football team is any good which depends on one man for its success or failure;—so I started again, found a man to fill his shoes and up we went to play the "big fellows." Possibly some of you may have heard of the small college team that went up and made this years' champions shake in their shoes. We went at them, and before they knew what had happened, they were on the very bad end of the score. And then out came one tackle, his knee gone, and a few minutes more and the other was done, and my football team was gone. That's what hurts in coaching. The crowds behind you can advise, suggest, or criticise, but if you haven't a man to put in the place of an injured man, you are done.

And then comes the criticism. All the world loves a winner, and all the world hates a loser. There are lots of football coaches in the world, and sometimes the coach is to blame, through an error, or through just plain inefficiency, but not always. Seldom does a man step into a position as head coach at a college without

first having demonstrated that he knows his business; but even then things sometimes go wrong, and the college authorities start to look for a better man.

But now that I have given you the hard side of football coaching, supposing we turn to the other side,—the side that gets into a man's blood and makes him come back to the game. I never knew what it was to be really nervous until the first time a football team of mine went onto the field to play, and each game since the feeling has been the same but a bit more intensified. I've sworn to myself that I couldn't stand it, that I'd quit, but after the game is over and the reaction has set in, then I miss the feeling, and want to try the game at one more year, and back I come. A man thinks of the excitement on the night before a game, the crowd, and the feeling of satisfaction when your team wins,—and my teams have won a few games for me. Then there is the daily practise wherein I differ from most football coaches. I have tried to make the game something to be enjoyed, instead of what it becomes at many colleges, two months of endless drudgery, and that is the one big reason for my own small success at coaching. Put a football team under a driving coach, and although the team may be as near mechanically perfect as it is possible to have a football team, yet the intangible something that wins games is probably lacking. I have seen it happen again and again. There must be a real love of the game to play it right, and no team that has been driven two hours a day for any length of time can get up to the point of winning an even game against a team of men who are playing because they like to play. Older and wiser

men have told me that I am a fool to be in the game they say that ultimately a man breaks down under the strain. But if a man is in the game because he loves it, and knows that eventually business is going to take him away from it, isn't he really getting something for himself that is worth while? It has taught me how to handle men, how to give orders, how to think quickly,—a faculty of which I was sadly lacking in during the years I was at Latin School. It taught me my great lesson in controlling my temper. It has made friends for me, in business and otherwise, and last but not least, it has put money in my pocket,—and most of us can use that. But I'm coming to the parting of ways; one more year and I must make my decision to be either a football coach as long as I can keep up with the progress of the game, or take my chances in the world of business. And I intend to quit; but when I take off

my cleats for the last time, it's going to be with a sigh of regret, and it's going to come hard.

I am fast using up more space than I have any right to take up, but I can't stop without saying a word about the old school that is turning out so many capable athlete as well as scholars. No one ever had a harder time than I had to get a diploma from Latin School, and no one appreciated it more when he got it. I can name twenty men who have gone out from your school and made reputations for themselves in football. The names of those men are as familiar to you as they are to me; there is no need of naming them off. It has been my pleasure to watch the Boston papers, everywhere I go, for news of the school, and I expect to continue to do so, and I'll always be ready to smile when we win and feel bad when we lose. May it always be a win!



JOURNALISTS AND JOURNALISM.

By GEORGE B. RYAN.

(We are indeed fortunate in having as our representative in the field of journalism Mr. George B. Ryan, city editor of the Boston Herald. As one of the chief factors in making a great daily newspaper what it is to-day, Mr. Ryan is indeed very well qualified to act as our representative in the field in which he has chosen his lifework. Ed.)

Not long ago a newspaper man attended a dinner given by one of the numerous social organizations of the city and found himself seated beside one of the women guests. He was dressed conventionally so that outwardly there was little to distinguish him from the masculine diners or from the waiters. Naturally enough, he fell into conversation with his neighbor somewhat after this fashion:

She—"Your face seems familiar but I can't quite recall you at other meetings of the association."

He—"That is not strange, for I am not a member."

She—"Not a member?"

He—"No, I'm a newspaper man."

She—(with much pity and a touch of sympathy)—"Well, we all have to get our living somehow."

The dialogue is illustrative of one point of view towards the chronicler of the day's news. To not a few he is a sort of necessary evil, a deputy busybody, one who takes upon his conscience the burden of the innate inquisitiveness of the community and asks for us the awkward questions we might hesitate to ask for ourselves. In many minds his business seems to be to mind everybody's business. He appears to be a gossip whose well stocked budget is welcome enough provided always it

contains no tidbits that effect us or our friends.

That is one point of view. Another—and this has been fostered chiefly by a certain type of magazine fiction—pictures the reporter and the editor who eggs him on as a combination of the characteristics of Sherlock Holmes and Mme. Palladino. The newspaper man of imaginative literature is apt to be endowed with a special gift of deductive reasoning which should enable him by the posession of a single thread to reconstruct Joseph's coat of many colors and thus by a chain of inevitable circumstances to locate beyond possibility of dispute the precise spot at which Adam was expelled from the Garden of Eden. Through thrilling pages energetic young men and women wander continually solving darker and darker mysteries by virtue of tireless industry plus the second sight with which all journalistic detectives are well known to be endowed.

There may be a modicum of truth in both points of view. Doubtless the reporter is inquisitive at times, and it is also undeniable that he has on occasion solved difficult police problems in advance of the police. The average toiler of the press, however, does not spend all his days in poking his nose needlessly into other people's affairs

and the world, after all, is full of a number of things, other than crimes, to which he may give his attention.

Primarily the news writer is a searcher for facts. "What happened?" is the question constantly before his mind and to discover an answer he goes about asking—"Who?" "What?" "Where?" "When?" and "How?" He demands facts, and having found them tries so to connect them, that at our breakfast or dinner tables, on the cars or in the office, we may know the true meaning of the world's events. Whether he is dealing with cabbages or kings, the process is much the same. He is merely the interpreter to one man of the actions of other men. And that he may interpret successfully it is required of him that he array his facts clearly, concisely, readably and without bias. This he must do in the least possible time.

Mr. Marget has asked me to say a word or two as to the benefits of a Latin School training in the newspaper field. In essentials the daily task of the newspaper man is not so greatly different from that of the student as might be supposed. Each is dealing with facts. Every "tough" bit of translation, every mathematical or scientific problem might be conceived to be a "story," as all items, great and small, are called in our parlance. The facts are there, and all that is needed is the concentration and the stick-to-itiveness that will show eventually what are the relations of one another.

"Dig" is a cant word used much among newspaper workers, and the man who "digs" hardest is the man who brings back the results; for the one unpardonable sin is to "fall down" where all the facts are available. The written page of any language, dead or alive, is

a "story" in the little. There before the student are the facts. The measure of his success, from a newspaper angle, will be whether he can group those facts in such a way that the meaning is absolutely clear. Every difficulty overcome is so much power acquired, so much stored-up skill to help him to "get there" again.

With the newspaper man as with the student no two days are alike. There is no routine. The great dailies of the country ask that their employes both start well and finish well each day. And that I conceive to be the spirit of thoroughness for which the Latin School has stood always.

While I am at this point, I should urge any Latin School boy who would make journalism his future work to cultivate the faculties of going directly to the point of any difficulty, of seeing as clearly as possible the nub of every question, and above all of expressing clearly and in the fewest words needed his exact meaning. The trouble with many young men who come to us from the schools and colleges is not so much a slipshod attitude of mind as a seeming contempt for clear expression. They learn readily enough, but when it comes to telling what they have learned, they seem frequently, almost inarticulate. The newspaper asks its makers both to know and to tell, and it is difficult to say which is the more important.

No one can claim for the journals of the day that they are wells of English undefiled, but when the haste with which they are put together is considered, at least it may be said that they tell what they mean in a way that leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader.

That much any Latin School boy can

do, if he sets out to do it, and if he succeeds, he will find that he has gone a long way towards making himself

valuable in a newspaper office. The rest, as in every other business, is a matter of experience.

PUBLIC LIFE.

By ARTHUR H. WOODS.

(Mr. Woods, as probably every member of the school knows, is Commissioner of Police of New York. He addressed the members of the school just a few months ago, and his address on that occasion was of such excellence that the memory of his words has not yet faded from the mind of all who heard him. We are fortunate, indeed, in having so distinguished a representative in the field of public life, as is Mr. Woods.)

A person does not need to hold public office in order to be in public life, and he must not feel that the only way to render service to the public is to try to get a public job. Some of the best work that has been done in this country has been done by private citizens who entered as private citizens into public life.

The professional office holder might seem, perhaps, to be more in public life than any one else, but I believe that the real test by which to judge as to whether a man's life is for the public good or not is the influence of life, irrespective of what position he may hold.

A democracy is largely unworkable unless the best men accept the burdens and responsibilities of leadership. We cannot all of us keep ourselves informed as to all questions that come before us. We have not the time or the training to investigate different matters that come up, many of which require the most expert education, and prolonged study. Most people should be able, however, to pick out sound leaders.

Whether in holding public office or not a man can, sometimes in a small and sometimes in a very large way, exercise real qualities of leadership. If these qualities are exercised for his own selfish advantage, irrespective of the good of the body politic or with this running only a poor second, the man is false to his trust and government suffers accordingly. The first rule for any man to guide himself by if he wants to take up his share of responsibility of the public welfare is that he shall make as much of himself as possible. We want in public life men of courage, of honesty, of intelligence. Those that have not all these three qualities must fall short.

A boy in school is in an especially fortunate position. He has time ahead of him; he can work, and play in such a way as to make the most out of himself. If he is worth his salt and goes to it to make the most out of himself, the rest will be easy. He should have as definite an aim as possible of what he wants to do, and then should go to it with all his might and main. The rest will take care of itself. Most peo-

ple fail, not because they have not enough ability, but because they have not enough of punch and persistency.

The Boston Latin School has a long and proud record. The education which it gives I believe is excelled by none in the country. Latin School boys, therefore, should all look forward to entering in some way into public life,

whether as public office holders or private citizens it does not matter much, and they need not fear about attaining a reasonable degree of success if they now, as school boys, begin and keep up the work of trying to do the best they can for themselves, in order that they may be of the greatest service to the public.

A NEW LATIN SCHOOL CATALOGUE.

BY THE HEADMASTER.

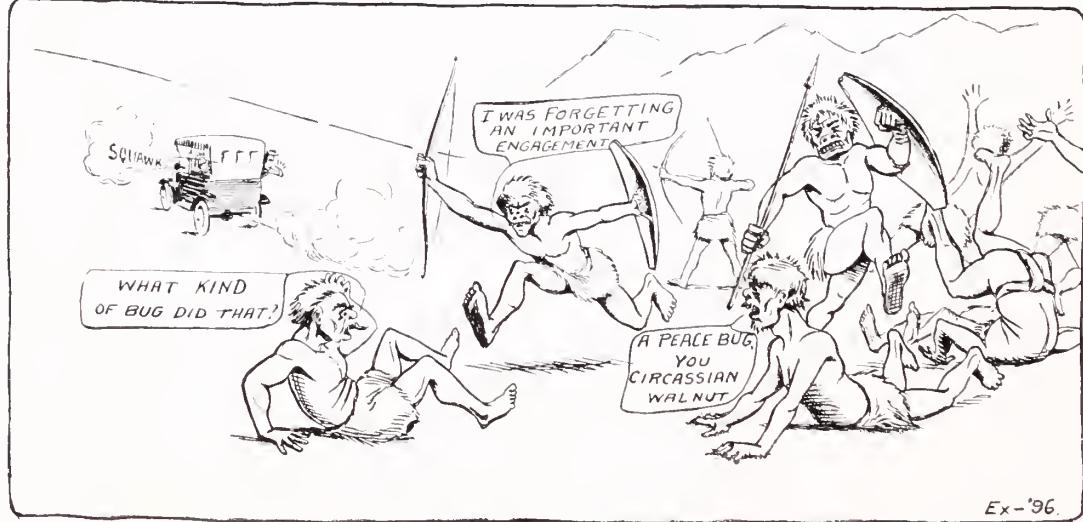
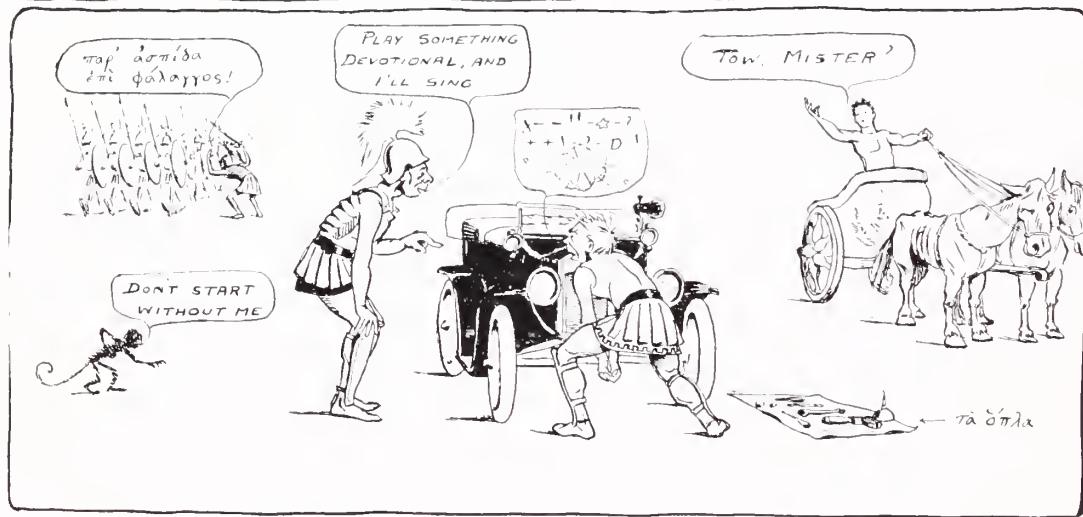
Ten years ago the maximum enrollment in the Latin School was 642. In the present year it is 1042, an increase of 62%. Thirty years ago the instructors consisted of a head master, seven masters, and three junior masters, and the pupils enrolled numbered 383, while sixty years ago there were eight teachers in the school including the principal and 206 pupils.

There have been two general catalogues of the masters and pupils of this, the oldest school in the Union. The first of these was issued in 1847, three years after the formation of the Boston Latin School Association: the second and better known appeared in 1884 a year before the celebration of the two-hundred-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the School. This last publication was known as the "Jenks" Catalogue. It was so called in honor of Reverend Henry F. Jenks whose zealous pains-taking labors and unwearied patient research produced a remarkable accurate and complete list of pupils and teachers beginning with the establishment of the school in 1635. This Catalogue contained also a most interesting

historical sketch of the school with illustration of the various schoolhouses and portraits of several of the principals.

Thirty years have now passed since the publication of a general catalogue and it seems to be desirable that a third edition of such a valuable and interesting document should be prepared and circulated among the Alumni and friends of the school. Both of the earlier catalogues are long since out of print and in the three last decades of the school's life more boys have been enrolled in the school than at any other time in its history. It is therefore most highly desirable either that a new issue of the general catalogue be prepared at this time or that the last issue be reprinted in convenient form with a full appendix bringing the publication down to date. It is hoped that the Standing Committee of the Latin School Association will presently enter upon this project and that the Alumni will respond generously both with facts and suggestions as well as with financial support when the time arrives for the school to invite their assistance.

HENRY PENNYPACKER.



A MONUMENTAL WORK.

The Head of the Greek Department is about to bring out a translation of the *Anabasis*, to serve as an authorized version for students' use. They might as well get it right. The rich erudition of the work is foreshadowed by this excerpt. A few of the plates that are to accompany the text appear on the opposite page.

EDITOR.

THE TWO FORDS.

XENOPHONS *ANABASIS*. I. V. 3-34 ABRIDGED.

The Greeks came to a road, apparently built by man, leading into Aemenia. Just in front was a muddy crossing, but by good luck they discovered a Ford near by. When they attempted to use it, however, it proved to be rough and rocky and they skidded so badly that they gave it up. The Greeks were greatly discouraged when they realized it was a pretty hard Ford.¹ They spent the day and the following night in great perplexity.²

Xenophon had a dream. It seemed that he had on chains³ which fell off of their own accord. Not long after this favorable sign, Xenophon had another surprise. While eating breakfast the next morning he was visited by two young men who had found another Ford. They had tried it and said it was safer than the other and had not skidded. It was a different model, being made closer to the ground.

The soldiers were greatly pleased at this and at once made preparations for the trip. Chirisophus,⁴ having put on a crown⁵ and taken off his coat, took the necessary tools⁶ and attempted to start the Ford. It seems that certain religious exercises⁷ were held before the start was made.

Chirisophus got through the mud easily in the new Ford although the enemy tried to pierce with arrows⁸ the (wind) shield. He then left the Ford that he might more speedily pursue the enemy over land⁹ on foot. It was then Xenophon's turn to use the Ford. As he was about to start, he looked behind and was alarmed to see the Carduchi rushing to attack him in the rear. Quick as thought Xenophon turned about, sounded a terrific signal on the horn, turned again and before the frightened Carduchi recovered their wits, Xenophon took the crossing in the Ford on high.

1 *δυσπόριαρ* From prefix,

2 *δυσ-* "hand," and

3 *πόρος* Ford. A hard Ford.

From the same root is the Greek word for trial. A Ford is of course a trial.

4 *ἀποίαν* "Perplexity" is the

usual rendering. After much study we have come to a different conclusion. The word is derived from

5 *πόθος*

Ford and alpho privative — without.

6 *ἀποία* "Without even a Ford

means therefore "utter destitution." In this instance Xenophon implies that the hard Ford was worse than none.

This signified that there would be no danger of further skidding and that chains would not be needed.

Note that the name "Chirisophus" implies that he was the "handy man of the company. Crown. Symbol of authority. Compare the license.

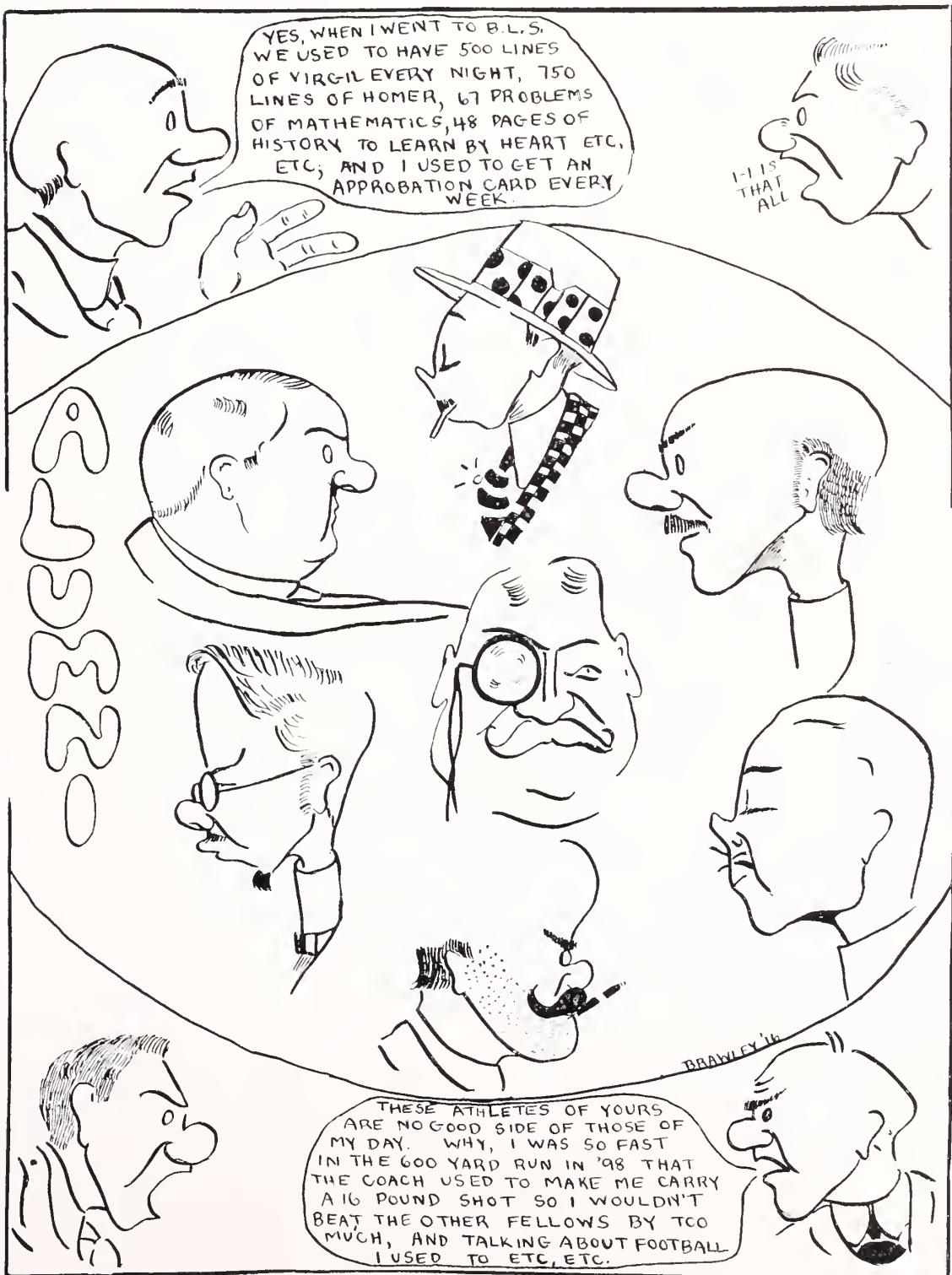
7 *τὰ σπίλα*

Generally erroneously rendered "arms." Some commentators believe the prayer and hymn to be a euphemism, describing the language Chirisophus used.

8 Some authorities think the text is corrupt and that this means that the enemy had a Pierce Arrow.

9 Some manuscripts read "enemy" in the genitive. It would then mean, pursue the enemy's Overland.





THE SPIRIT OF THE SCHOOL.

About one hundred and twenty-five years ago, between the years of 1785 and 1790, was published a little book entitled, "The New England Primer." The tiny volume contains a great number of curious and quaintly expressed rules and maxims, pertaining largely to the successful pursuit of earthly happiness. Upon the title-leaf we are thus informed: "The New England Primer. Or, an easy and pleasant Guide to the Art of Reading," —while the initial page is inscribed as follows:

"He who ne'er learns his A. B. C.
Forever will a Blockhead be;
But he that learns his Letters fair
Shall have a coach to take the Air."

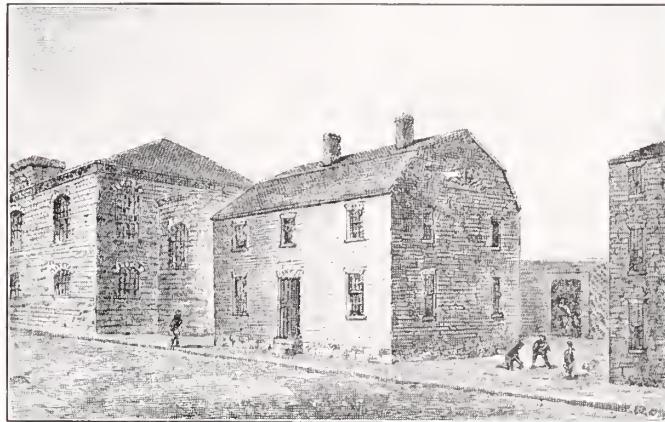
Perhaps this little book, with its queer sayings and ridiculous cuts, is after all, a remarkable illustration of the Public School of one hundred years ago.

The Latin School is essentially a public school. It has always been so, from the day of its foundation in 1635 to the present time. Thus we may trace the history of the Latin School from nearly three hundred years ago as one of the public schools of Boston.

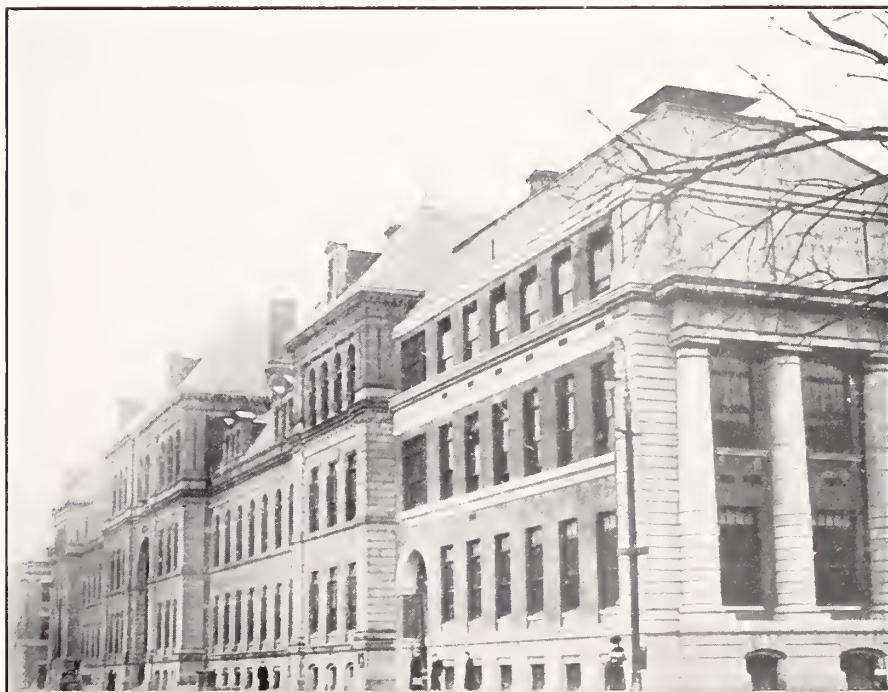
For two hundred years after its foundation, the school occupied buildings upon School Street, near the City Hall. In 1844, Latin School and English High School took possession jointly of the new building on Bedford Street, which was occupied by the two institutions until 1881, when they were again placed together, this time in our present home. This building has been the scene of a happy com-

panionship between Latin School and English High since 1881. The two schools have come to look upon each other as sister-institutions, and are united by a firm friendship, resulting from many years of continuous association. The Latin School is growing rapidly, however, and should have a building of its own. Every Latin School boy looks forward to the day in the near future when this institution shall occupy a new large, house, every room of which shall belong to the Latin School.

The Latin School has always been noted for its thorough preparation for advanced learning. The purpose of this school is to fit for college, and to this end is prescribed a practically unequaled course of instruction. As the school is noted and admired for its fine methods of study, so Latin School boys have always been admired for their manly qualities and sportsmanlike ways. These in combination have come to be known as, "The Latin School Spirit." Now this is a thing concerning which we are justly proud. We all remember the story of the Latin School boys who complained "in very genteel terms," to General Haldimand because their slide had been spoiled, and we like to recall the names of famous Latin School graduates, among them Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Adams. Most of all, however, do we rejoice in the knowledge that never has Latin School done a mean or shameful act. We like to attribute this to the great, grand, fine old Latin School spirit. There is just a doubt that we



THE FIRST LATIN SCHOOL ON NORTH SIDE OF SCHOOL STREET, 1635.



THE PRESENT LATIN SCHOOL ON WARREN AVENUE,
(See page 26.)

do not attribute it enough to other creatures like ourselves, who have formed a part of the great family we revere so highly. It is just possible that we do not sufficiently consider ourselves to be constantly forming the links of a chain, a chain which may snap if poorly made. Do we quite realize that our reputation outside is controlled by our character within? Do we, in short, harbor the same frank cordiality within our school which we wish to impress upon our friends outside? At all events, we may be consoled by the fact that perhaps never before the present year has the social friendliness been quite so great in the school. There has come a new spirit, felt even by the younger boys, a spirit manifest in the foundation of societies, clubs, and musical organization. The heart of many an old Latin School boy has been

gladdened by the new social atmosphere, —the *true* Latin School Spirit, and there is not a master in the school who does not ardently wish it success. Indeed, there are at least two teachers in the school whose whole-hearted interest toward furthering the new "spirit," both by encouragement and by actual labor, can never be forgotten.

We have said that the Latin School is a public school. It was a public school when Benjamin Franklin attended it. It has been so since the day of mail-coaches and red-coated hostlers. The boys who faced General Haldimand were public school boys, and the heroes who died in the Revolution had been largely public school boys! So are we; and here's to a public school education and to the best one in the world!

E. G. F. '18.

**TO THE MEMORY OF
WILFRED FANNING DEE**

of the Class of 1917, whose soul passed to the Land of Light on January 10.

His was a soul of purity and a heart of purest gold, and the greatest and most sincere tribute to his grateful memory is found in the hearts of his host of friends.

Our loss is Heaven's gain!

A VISIT TO A RIFLE RANGE.

The alumni of this and other schools seem, almost universally, to cease their military activities after graduation. Now, an opportunity is afforded all graduates both in college and out, and undergraduates as well, to enjoy target practice if they wish; for a public rifle range has been started Corner of Gainsboro and St. Botolph Sts. Major J. M. Portal, Ordnance Officer, Second Brigade, M. V. M. did much to bring this about.

Some time ago it was said that target practise might be given as a branch of military drill in the schools; but apparently the School Committee does not think it advisable at present. This put no damper on the ambitions of the fellows who really wished training of this sort. At this time I myself was eager to handle a "fullgrown" rifle; so, when the new range was ready I went over to see it.

I had never seen one, and I expected an interesting afternoon. As I approached the building, it did not impress me as the largest and best equipped range in the United States; but such, I afterwards found, was indeed the case. I entered the outer office and inquired for Major Portal. He is an amiable man, with a more than ordinary individuality, for many of the conveniences about the range are ideas of his own. His conversation, too, is pleasing and enthusiastic.

He showed me first the outer offices and counters where ammunition is furnished. Then he took me into the club room. Lockers line two sides of it and there are chairs placed about, and a table or two. In speaking about clubs

I mentioned that rifle clubs could be formed at school; whereupon he offered the use of the room to any boys who wished it for such a purpose. "For," said he, "it's the boys we want. Of course we like the men too; but it's the boys that are really going to make our army."

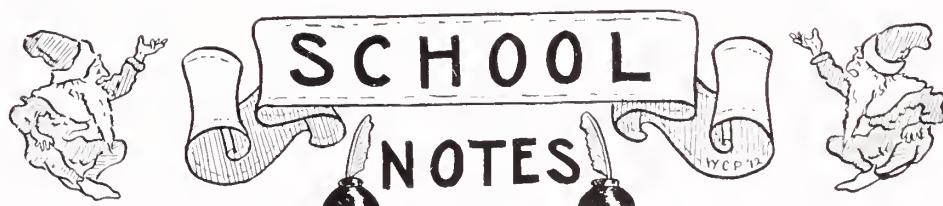
Meantime I had been hearing shooting going on. He led me out the other side of the room into a sort of corridor, well-lighted, and lined with little doors such as you find on cupboards, about as high as from the waist to above the head. There are twelve of these, about a foot and a half wide and a foot apart, here, and thirteen more up stairs. Two of them were open and men were firing through. I saw the targets at which the men were shooting when I, at the Major's invitation, looked through the nearest one. I failed, however, to see how the targets were put there. I had to confess my ignorance; but I looked again and saw within my reach a steel arm in the form of an arrow with a clip for holding a target on the rear side. Above was a pair of taut wires stretching down to the target's position. Just outside, above and at the left, is a small motor while at the right of each small door is a double switch. The Major, to illustrate, fixed a target on the steel arm and closed the switch up. A hanging wire (for the work had not been completed in some of the details) obstructed the way and the Major called a workman. This shows how careful all are of absolute safety, for as soon as the men who were shooting heard the call for the workman, they withdrew their guns and waited, although the

workman did not come near their openings at all. After the offending wire was removed, the arm with the target moved away from us, on the closing of the switch, up, and stopped automatically at a distance of seventy-five feet from us. The Major showed me a device by which a beginner could rest his gun at any desired height in order to insure better shooting and quicker training. Adjustable support for a telescope were fastened, one on the level of the eye at each target and another for prone shooting. "You notice that fellow is shooting prone;" said the Major, "these tables are arranged neatly." As he spoke, he reached under the shelf beneath the line of "cupboards" and pulled out a high canvas-covered table. He then took one of the guns

from a rack nearby and handed it to me. He explained that they were especially constructed "Winchesters" the same size, shape, and weight as the regular army "Springfields," but made with a 22-in. bore. "The best 22-calibre rifle made, without doubt," commented the Major, and he ought to know.

Of course, I had to try the adjustable rest and the telescope before leaving them. On closing the switch at the right, *down*, the target returned to within reach again. I stopped to watch the two shooters before going out. They proved to be experts, for one in particular had targets with nothing but bull's-eyes in it. I had a most enjoyable afternoon. It is well worth one's while to visit the place.

F. C. P., Jr. '16.



When this building was first occupied by the school in the year 1881, it was considered by outsiders and even by some gentlemen intimately connected with the school to be far too large for our needs. As one gentleman who was at that time a teacher in this school but has now retired from active services,

has said, the members of the school fairly "rattled around" in the building. Even the English High School, which then, as now, occupied the other half of the building, but has not yet grown to its present huge proportions, found that there was a great deal too much room at its disposal.

What a change has taken place since those days! Mr. Pennypacker, at the reunion and banquet of the Alumni Association held two years ago, reminding those present that we and English High "had not always been Siamese twins," felt impelled to urge the alumni to set on foot a movement that would secure for us a new building, and since that time sporadic attempts have been made to keep this need before the eyes of the alumni. Mr. Pennypacker contributed a short article to last year's *Alumni Number*, again urging the need of a separate building for the Latin School, but as yet no definite steps have been taken to secure such a building.

In truth, it is hard to realize how the proper authorities can fail to understand this need and to act accordingly. The English High School portion of the present edifice contains hardly more than a half of all their pupils. To provide quarters for the rest of the boys of English High the city is compelled to hire rooms in buildings in different parts of the city. In these buildings the accommodations are anything but satisfactory, and the equipment is far from being the best obtainable; yet the authorities are content to expend great sums of money to maintain these establishments. A few years ago an addition to the Latin School was erected at a cost of more than \$100,000, for the great increase in the number of pupils in this school had made such a building absolutely necessary. It appears, therefore, that it is regarded as good policy to spend these large sums annually in the maintenance of unsatisfactory quarters, while the only practical course,—giving up the present Latin School quarters to English High

School and constructing a new building for us,—has apparently been disregarded.

This is not the first time the *Register* has published a request to those interested in the school that they take steps to provide new quarters for us, but nothing definite has yet been done, and nothing definite will be done, until a petition, duly drawn and signed, is presented to the proper authorities. Therefore the *Register* calls earnestly upon all the Alumni of the school for *action*, for until some real action is taken in the matter by some sufficiently interested individual, matters will remain in the position in which they have been for the last few years.

* * *

After some delay, the pins and rings of the Graduating Class have arrived at the school, and all the dignified Seniors may now ostentatiously display the striking bits of gold or near-gold that loving parents and relatives may have bestowed upon them.

* * *

The fact may not be generally known, but Mr. Warren E. Robinson, who is teaching Science and History in this school, is one of the most distinguished members of the Massachusetts Militia. Mr. Robinson, who is an officer in Troop B, 1st Cavalry, M. V. M., graduated among the very first in his class at the Training School for the Massachusetts Militia, and, in addition, acted as orator of his class at the Graduation ceremonies.

* * *

R. T. S. Pugh, '15, whose selections upon the piano every Monday morning have delighted the school in the last few years, and who was the recipient of a special prize in music at the gradu-

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ation exercises last year, returned to the school on December 20, and played a selection at the regular Monday morning assembly that indeed found favor in the eyes of the school.

* * *

On the morning that Pugh returned to the school Dr. E. B. Watson, '98, who has been actively engaged in educational work in Constantinople, addressed the school and told of his experiences in the Turkish capital. His talk was replete with humorous incidents, besides containing much other matter that was very instructive and entertaining.

Dr. Watson spoke of the position that Americans hold in the eyes of Europeans, and his remarks in this connection, coming as they did from a man who has traveled very extensively, held special interest for the members of the school. Dr. Watson, in the course of his talk, delighted his hearers with the very interesting story of the establishment of Robert College,—the institution with which he is connected.

After addressing the entire school in the assembly hall, Dr. Watson entered Room 13, and, after some persuasion, was induced to give to the members of the room an impromptu talk, in the course of which he vividly described his experiences on board the burning *Athinai*, which, as will be remembered, was burned in mid-ocean a few months ago. The picture he presented of smoke and flames pouring from the ship's ventilators and a Scotch mate holding a mutinous crew in submission with a loaded revolver was vivid enough to be retained in the memory for some time.

Dr. Watson is now on his way to Constantinople, where he will resume his duties as soon as possible.

* * *

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of an intensely interesting novel from the pen of Dr. Edmund H. Sears, B. L. S. '76, who was also kind enough to be a contributor to this number. Dr. Sears' book is a story of Rome in the reign of Tiberius, and contains some passages of description that would be hard to surpass. We desire to express thus publicly to Dr. Sears our gratitude for his kindness in sending us a copy of his remarkable work.

* * *

Owing to the fact that there are now five companies in each of the battalions, the drill hall has become so crowded that it is very difficult indeed for the companies to receive anything like the necessary room for adequate drill. Perhaps if the gymnasium above the drill hall were offered to the boys for their use on certain days, it might help somewhat to relieve the congestion.

* * *

Some of the companies in the school regiment listened to a talk by Major J. M. Portal, of the Bay State School of Musketry, recently. Major Portal extended a cordial invitation to the boys to visit the armory maintained by his school, and several of the fellows have made arrangements to avail themselves of this kind offer.

* * *

The school is to be congratulated upon its having discovered plenty of successors to R. T. S. Pugh, '15, whose selections upon the piano on Monday mornings have been the source of so much delight to the members of the school. Since Pugh's graduation, we have heard selections from Gleason, Bensinger, and Doherty that were entirely acceptable to the listeners.

Latin School Register 33

* * *

A. H. Stewart, '17, has been appointed Assistant Manager of the Hockey team, and J. E. Donahue, '17, has been appointed Assistant Manager of the Track Team.

* * *

Dr. James J. Putnam, B. L. S., '62, has recently contributed an article on the opportunities for college men in medicine to the Harvard "Crimson."

* * *

Major Henry L. Higginson, B. L. S. '51, at a mass meeting of Harvard undergraduate at which the plans for the Harvard Regiment were discussed, stated that "preparedness" was the only effective protection against the condition which now exist in Europe, and urged the undergraduates to do their share towards the preservation of their homes and country.

* * *

Two Latin School men who are doing conspicuous work for the various War Reliefs are George S. Jackson, B. L. S. '01, and Robert Grant, Jr., B. L. S. '02.

* * *

Joseph J. Joyce, of Class 1, has been appointed Regimental Quartermaster of the school regiment.

* * *

The "Register" with pleasure acknowledges the following exchanges:—

Vexillum—Volkman School, Boston, Mass.

Dragon—St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island.

The Shuttle—High School of Practical Arts, Roxbury, Mass.

The Grotonian—Groton School, Groton, Mass.

The Advance—Salem High School, Salem, Mass.

The Argus—Gardner High School,

Gardner, Mass.

Early Trainer—Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

The Oak, Lily, and Ivy—Milford High School, Milford, Mass.

The Pinkerton Critic—Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. Hampshire

The Trinity Tripod—Trinity College, Hartford, Connecticut.

The Golden Rod—Quincy High School, Quincy, Mass.

The Hyde Park Weekly—208 Stony Island Ave., Chicago, Illinois

The Weekly Review—Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio.

The Imp—Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.

Columbia Alumni News—Columbia University, New York, N. Y.

The Tripod—Roxbury Latin School, Roxbury, Mass.

Student—Oklahoma High School, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Red and Gray—Fitchburg High School, Fitchburg, Mass.

The Dragon—Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Ohio.

The School Life—Melrose High School, Melrose, Mass.

The Artisan—M. A. H. S., Boston, Mass.

Enterprise—Roxbury High School, Roxbury, Mass.

Item—Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.

Exponent—Greenfield High School, Greenfield, Mass.

Botolphian—Boston College H. S., 761 Harrison Ave., Boston.

Advocate—Needham High School, Needham, Mass.

Beacon—Chelsea High School, Chelsea, Mass.

Mass. Collegian—Mass. Agric. College, Amherst, Mass.

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Blue and Gold — Marist College, 289 Ivy St., Atlanta, Ga.
Cauldron — Shawnee High School, Shawnee, Oklahoma.
Signal — New Jersey State Schools, Trenton, N. J.
Colby Voice and New London News — New London, N. H.
Bulletin — Montclair, N. J.
Weekly Review — Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Ohio.
Pennsylvanian — Philadelphia, Pa.
Collegian — Salem, Oregon.
Optimist — Polytechnic High School, Los Angeles, California.
E. H. S. Record — English High School, Boston, Mass.
Williams Record — Williamstown,
Tradesman — High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.
Harvard Illustrated — Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.
Megaphone — Dean Academy, Franklin, N. H.
Jabberwock — Girl's Latin School, Boston, Mass.
Washington Courier — Washington, D. C.
Academy Journal — Norwich, Mass.
Old Hughes — Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Brocktonia — Brockton High School, Brockton, Mass.
Orient — Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.
Pictorial Review — Princeton N. J.
Alumni News — Columbia College, N. Y.
Voice — Lawrence High School, Falmouth, Mass.
H. S. Record — Camden Manual Training and High School, Camden, N. J.
Orange and Black — Marlboro H. S., Marlboro, Mass.

AMONG THE CLUBS.

The increase of clubs, and the flourishing condition of the organizations has been so general and pronounced that their very strength has become a hindrance. To discuss the important question of conflicting dates, the officers of the various clubs met in the "Sanctum" January 13. The importance of the question is shown by the fact that three clubs had held meetings the same hour the previous Tuesday.

Denker, '16, was chosen chairman of the following committee composed of one member from each club: Packard, '16, Burke, '17, Stevens, '16, and Seeley, '17.

Hereafter the dates for the various meetings will first be sanctioned by the committee to whom they must be referred. It is hoped that in this way the embarrassing necessity of being in two or three places at once, as has been the case, may largely be removed. Each organization may do its share by co-operating with the committee and abiding by its decision.

* * *

Room 19 has a debating club with weekly meetings.

THE NATURAL HISTORY CLUB.

The fifth public meeting of the Natural History Club was held Tuesday, the 11th of January, with an average attendance. Denker, the secretary of the club, spoke on "New England Game Birds." The speaker first treated the aquatic birds, such as ducks and geese; next, the waders, such as snipe and plover; and finally, the gallinaceous birds, such as quail, partridge, and

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pheasant. Some very fine pictures were thrown on the screen, and these, coupled with many anecdotes from the speaker's experience afield, made the talk a very enjoyable one. Announcement was made at the opening of the meeting that Mr. Jones had kindly consented to address the club at its next meeting on a subject that would be announced at further notice.

It is a curious fact that a surprising number of boys fail to take advantage of the entertaining meetings of the club. Those boys who have attended the several talks which have already been given have added greatly to their stock of information. They know many things about protozoans, mollusca, butterflies, and birds. How many readers are acquainted with the meanings of the first two of the above terms? Astonishing as it may seem, there are boys in the school who do not know the meaning of the words "Natural History." They can easily find out by attending the meetings. Let them ask any of the boys who attended Mr. Henderson's talk, for instance, if the hour was not a pleasant and profitable one, and let them be guided by the reply. Opportunity knocks.

S. M. B. '16.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

The Dramatic Club is still making brilliant progress. Throughout the month of January frequent rehearsals of "The Turn in the Road" have been held. Tickets will soon be on sale and it is expected they will sell like hot-cakes. Watch the bulletin-board for the announcement of the dates and place of the performance. The cast of characters has been made up. It is as follows:—

Ezra Stong.....Coburne, '17.
Hobart Colfax.....Ryan, '17.
Hiram Skinner.....Potter, '16.
Daniel Hawkins.....Denker, '16.
Theodore Morris.....Packard, '16.
John Campbell Edwards.....Aronson, '16.
Edward Campbell.....Duff, '16.
Montgomery Donaldson.....Nason, '16.
Thomas Toodles.....Sullivan, '16.

The action takes place in Stong's room, Colton University, Woodstock Village.

With the two or three rehearsals that are now being given, the play should be staged during or before the first week of February.

F. C. P., Jr.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

As I look over the activities of the Debating Society for the past month, I am reminded of the saying so well known to all Latin School boys, that happy is the country whose annals are short. What is true of nations is equally true of smaller bodies.

Nothing of special note has happened in the activities of the Debating Society within the past month beyond what pertains to a body of such a nature. Its members are now in the midst of debating activities. Meetings have been held on scheduled time, and a special meeting was called on Wednesday, December 22, 1915. At this meeting the topic "Resolved that immigration be further restricted by law" was chosen for debate. The speakers were:

Affirmative	Negative
Fahey, '17	Rooney, '17
Kandush, '19	Coburne, '17

It is the ambition of this society to challenge, and engage in debate with other High School debating societies;

and under Mr. Southworth's guiding hand we have high hopes of seeing our ambition realized.

M. S. C. '17.

THE ORCHESTRA.

The Latin School Orchestra held its first meeting in the hall on Wednesday, January 11, 1916. There was a very good attendance and the meeting as a whole was very successful. Work was begun at once, and we hope soon to show our brethren and our friends a first-class school orchestra.

Another call is bring sent out for more instruments. At present we have ten violins, one piano, one 'cello, one clarinet, three cornets, and the drums. We still lack a trombone player and several wood wind instruments. If there is any boy who plays any instrument, let him assist his school by reporting at the next meeting with his instrument and offering his services. Think of how proudly the school will regard its orchestra. Think of how proud you will be to belong to that orchestra! Have you musical abilities and will you not sacrifice a little time to help your school? Under the leadership of Mr. Henderson great instruction as regards orchestra playing will be received, and we know the best results will follow. Come out at once, and let us make this orchestra the best in the history of the Latin School.

H. S. L. '17

THE MANDOLIN CLUB.

Since our last report we have added two new members to the club. Doherty has volunteered as director and assistant pianist, while Otis will play one of the mandolin parts. However, we still have the same complaint; not enough material! There is still time to join, but it must be done at once. Last time we emphasized the lack of guitars; this time we make a special appeal for banjos. We have only one and should have at least *three*. Aren't there two more banjo players in the school?

Since we have never listed our members in any of our previous reports, their names follow: Mandolin: C. H. Stevens, W. J. Gillis, R. B. Miner, P. G. Richter, E. O. Otis. Banjo: P. C. Martin. 'Cello: E. Bloomberg. Piano: J. M. H. Booth. Director J. S. Doherty.

How about having your name included before next issue?

P. G. R. '16.

SCHOOL CALENDAR—FEBRUARY

Thurs. 2—Hockey game with Somerville at Somerville.

Fri. 4—Fourth Public Declamation.

Sat. 5—Hockey game with Milton at Milton.

Mon. 7—Upper Class Assembly.

Tues. 8—Lower Class Assembly.

Wed. 9—Hockey game with Stone School at Franklin Field.

Fri. 11—Track meet with Dorchester
High in the drill hall.

Sat. 12—Hockey game with Winchester
High at Winchester.

Mon. 14—Upper Class Assembly.

Tues. 15—Lower Class Assembly.

Thurs. 17—Track meet with M. A. H.

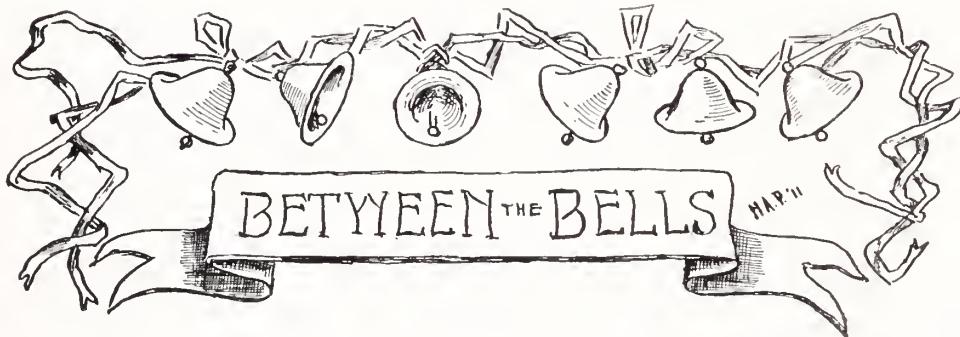
S. in the drill hall.

Fri. 18—Hockey game with English
High at Arena.

Mon. 21.—Exercises in the Hall com-
memoration of Washington.

Mon. 28—Upper Class Assembly.

Tues. 29—Lower Class Assembly.



LIMB FOR A A LIMB.

A cockney angler, thinking his Highland boatman was not treating him with the respect due to his station, expostulated thus:

"Look here, my good man, you don't seem to grasp who I am. Do you know that my family has been entitled to bear arms for the last two hundred years?"

"Hoot! mon that's naething," was the rejoinder. "My ancestors have been entitled to bare legs for the last two thousand years!"

L-C's S-A.

Little L-c had 2 write
An S-a on a B.
A most P-q liar subject,
And she had'nt one I-d.
'Twas not a very easy task
As any one may C.
And M-t was her paper
When 'twas almost time 4T.
At last she "took her pen in hand,"
And wrote "I think the B,
If you would make him angry,
Is an awful N-M-E.
"Dear Teacher, please X-qs me,
I've nothing more to say.
But I'll write a lovely S-a
On a K-t did some day."

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THEN TIME TO STIR.

A Swedish guide's rule for making coffee: "Der ban on y von vay to cook coffee. Take von trip into voods up on Ilambeau River; build fire vid pitch-pine knots, put von fiuart water an' two handful coffee in coffee-pot, an' sit down on cover so she can't boil over. Ven cover get two hot for pants, coffee she done."

* * *

HE HAD SEEN EVERYTHING.

An old Scotchman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor, "it's like this: you've either to stop the whiskey or lose your eyesight—and you must choose."

"Ah weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' Tha'e seen about everything worth seein'!"

* * *

LATIN WE ALL UNDERSTAND.

Skato, skatere, slipsi, bumptum.
Footo, foolere, faili, flunktum
Tango, tangere, turki, trottum,

* * *

THE HOOKWORM TURNED.

"Please hurry," said the wife impatiently to her husband. "Have you never buttoned a dress behind before?"

"No," replied her husband also impatiently. "You never had a dress that buttoned before behind."

* * *

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.

When a duck lays an egg, it waddles off as if nothing had happened.

When a hen lays an egg, there's a lot of noise.

The hen advertises. Hence the demand for hen's eggs instead of duck's.

"WHEN THOU SHALT TURN THE OTHER CHEEK."

Here's to the lad valiant and bold
Who kissed the maid modest and meek,

And when he kissed one side times untold

She calmly turned the other cheek.

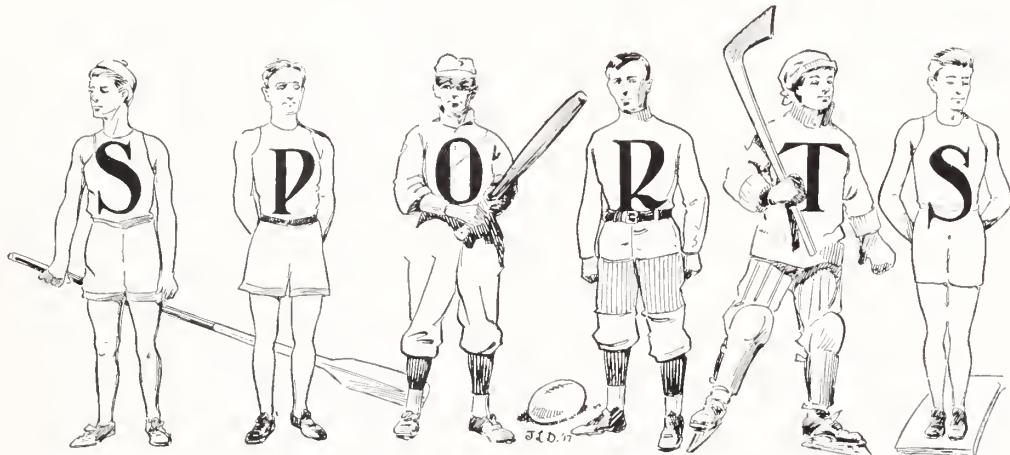
* * *

THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED.

GREEK TEACHER (during a test):—
Who was Priam's wife?

BRILLIANT SENIOR (writing):—Mrs.
Priam.





TRACK.

The Latin School Track Team! Does that mean anything at all to *you*? Are *you* one who looks pityingly on the miniature Track Squad of what *you* consider to be the greatest school in the world, or are *you* one of those who laugh in derision at the attempts of some of the candidates to help their Alma Mater in athletics? Are you one of those who by some strange chance happen to glance into the Drill Hall or gymnasium and remark that if you couldn't do better than so and so, who is faithfully practising, you would go and hide yourself?

If *you* are, we are sorry for *you*, however surprised you may be to hear it. We are sorry for you. By "we" I mean that body of excellent fellows, bound together by ties of friendship

that would no doubt astonish those who have never gone out for athletics of any kind in this school. That is why we are sorry for *you*: because you have missed that which is dearest and nearer to the hearts of Latin School graduates than anything else.

Have you ever seen a crowd of ex-Latin School men, come together at some School function, or athletic contest or what-not? They separate into different groups to talk over old-times and the largest and happiest group is that one composed of the men who represented Latin School at some time or other in athletics. There exists between them an indescribable bond of friendship which took its root in the days when they struggled together, through victory and defeat, for their Alma Mater.

You now have the chance to gain all that mentioned above, also to develop yourself physically, and to form out of yourself a real man, one who is balanced both mentally and physically. You would be surprised if you knew how much Track work will help you in all other branches of sport. Coach O'Brien says that he considers Track to be the foundation upon which the other sports rest.

The Senior Track Squad is woefully

small. We have need of men for every event. In fact, more men are necessary if we are to be successful in this year's work, which is now right at hand. This year's schedule is as follows:

Jan. 28.—Class Meet,

Feb. 4.—Boston College High School,

Feb. 11.—Dorchester High School,

Feb. 18.—M. A. H. S.,

Mar. 10.—English High School,

All Meets at Drill Hall except the Boston College High School Meet.

HOCKEY.

During the first week, or rather first few days of freezing weather, last December the hockey squad made the most of its chances to get some practice on the ice.

Practice took place at Scarborough Pond in Franklin Park, on Dec. 15, 17, 21, 22. On the 22nd, the ice was in fine condition and the first and second team were opposed to each other.

Not more than five or six goals were scored by either team. Atwood making some five stops. The inability of the men to shoot was noticeably weak. Corcoran, Cronin, and Tetlow of the veterans have been showing up finely in practice while of the new material, of which there seems to be considerable but not enough, Gallup, Ryan, Crowley and McGrath are putting up a good game.

Just before vacation there was a meeting in Room 14 and much enthusiasm was instilled into the squad by the fact that Mr. Corson has very kindly consented to assist in coaching the team. Mr. Corson is from St. Paul's school and will be of inestimable value in shaping a respectable team this year. It was planned to practise during the vacation and days were set for this, but the inclement weather was against us and as a result but one day was suitable for practice.

On Friday Jan. 7, our team met the Brookline seven on their Cypress St. rink. The result was a nine to nothing trouncing for our boys. While it is not always a good plan to make excuses for a defeat, still it might be well to point out a few of the weaknesses of our team which the game revealed. In

the first place, it was the first time the team had played in a high-boarded rink and they knew practically nothing about "playing the boards." Brookline had a great deal of practice in the rink during the week, while we had not been out on the ice at all. We greatly missed some of last year's veterans, who have not reported this year, but who would have steadied the team immensely. There was also a woeful lack of team play, for when one of our men secured the puck and an opponent charged him, he had no one to whom to pass it. The play was in our territory most of the time, and the Brookline men kept Pond busy stopping the puck, and though he made some nice stops, it was impossible to get them all. Corcoran and Tetlow played the best game for Latin while Capt. Fenessey and Arthur excelled for Brookline, each scoring four goals. The rough ice of the rink made it very hard for our men to retain the puck, and it constantly got wedged in holes about the edge of the rink. The line-up follows:

Brookline High	Boston Latin
Taylor	r. w.
Fenessey (capt.)	c.
Arthur	r.
Fallett	l. w.
O'Hearn	c. p.
Hennessey,	Gallup, Hurwitz,
Palmer, Theshie	Plummer, Duff.
Coon	Pond, Dudley

Referee:—P. Johnson; Ass't referee, F. Cronin;—Goal Judges—Marshall, Atwood;—Time:—Davis, Richter. Score: Brookline 9, Boston Latin 0. Goals—Arthur 4, Hennessey 4, O'Hearn. Time: two 15 min. periods.

Practice was held Saturday Jan. 8, with a goodly number out. Among those trying for the team are Pond, Dudley, Goldman, Hurwitz, Gallup, Richter, Palmer, Duff, Crowley, William, Tetlow, Ryan, Corcoran, Mc Grath, Murphy, Korb, Hanson, and Mansfield. We repeat that the places on the seven are by no means settled and that there is a good chance for any ambitious and faithful skater to make it yet.

P. G. R. '16.

THE WINTHROP GAME.

On Wednesday, the 12th, the team went to Winthrop to engage the Winthrop High seven. The game was played on the lake there, as they have no rink. During the first period no scoring was done by either team, but few shots at the goal being made at all. In the second period the Latin forwards made several vain attempts to score, and it seemed to be a draw game, when with but a few minutes left to play, Manager Gersumky made a successful shot from such a difficult angle that Pond was unable to stop it. Our men all showed a great improvement over the Brookline game and would undoubtedly have

scored if they could shoot more accurately. Our defence played an excellent game while Smith and Gersumky starred for Winthrop.

The lineup:—

Winthrop High	Boston Latin
Talcott	r.w. Plummer, Williams
	Mc Grath.

Berry	c.	Gallup
Gersumky	r.	Crowley
Ferdinand	l. w.	Corcoran
Barnett	p.	Williams, Ryan
Smith	c. p.	Tetlow
Mc Gee	g.	Pond

Score:—Winthrop 1, Boston Latin 0.
Goal:—Gersumky. Referee:—Osborne.
Timers and Goal Judges:—Sawton,
Richter. Time:—two 20 minutes periods.



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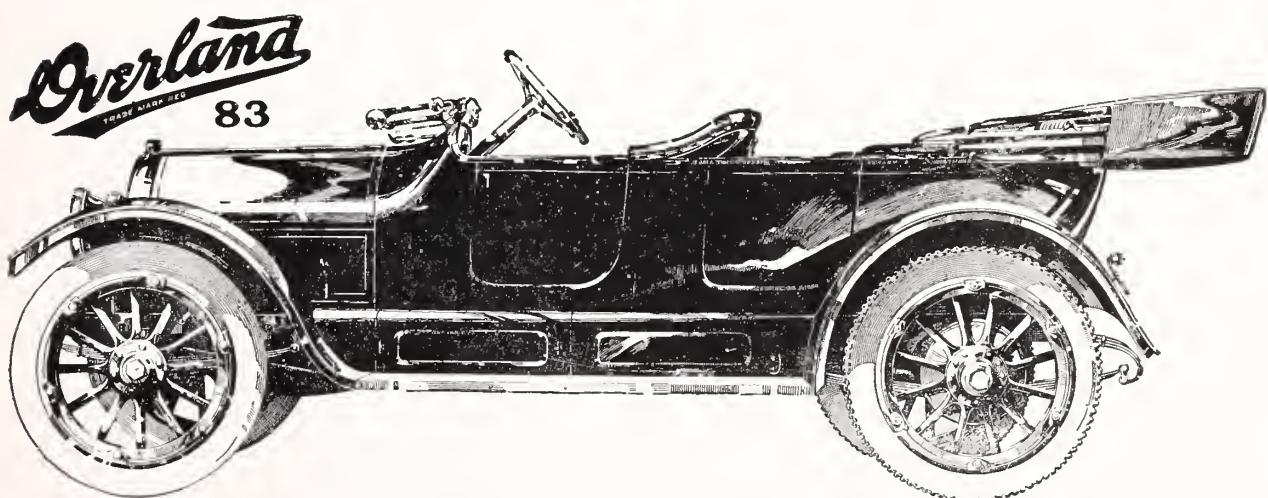
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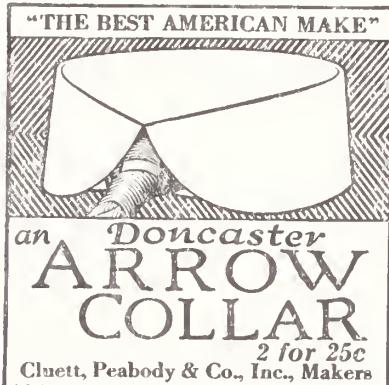
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